

notice of the old imaginative Celtæ, who called them *Tom-hans*, and believed them to be haunts of the fairies,—domiciles whose enchanted places of entrance might be discovered on just one night of the year, but which no man, not desirous of becoming a denizen of fairyland, would do well to enter. The lake above is a fine lonely sheet of water, fringed with birch, and overlooked by many a green uninhabited spot, dimly barred by the plough. A range of stern, solemn-looking hills rises steep and precipitous on either hand; while a single picturesque hill, with abrupt sides and a tabular summit, terminates the upward vista some six or eight miles away. I saw in one reedy bay a whole community of water-lilies opening their broad white petals and golden stamens to the light; and, wishing to possess myself of one that grew nearer the shore than any of the others, and having no such companion as Cowper's dog Beau to bring it me, I cut a long switch of birch, and struck sharply at the stem, that I might decapitate it, and then steer it to land. But the blow, though repeated and re-repeated, fell short; and I had drawn my last, when up there started from the bottom a splendid lily, two-thirds developed,—a true Venus, that, rising from the water, looked up to the light, neck-deep, with the rest. The agitation occasioned by the strokes had burst the calyx, and, true to its nature, up the prematurely-liberated flower had sprung. The image which the incident furnished mingled curiously with my attempted restorations of the ancient state of the valley. The delicate lily, rising to the surface in its quiet, sheltered bay, during a bright glimpse of sunshine, formed an interesting point of contrast to what seemed a fast foaming river of ice, that rose on the hill-sides more than half their height, and swept downwards, till where it terminated in the plain, in an abrupt moving precipice, that ploughed before it, in its irresistible march, huge hills of gravel and stone.